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A FUTURE PREMIER.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, Baron Rosebery, and Viscount Dalmeny, was born on the 7th of May, 1847, and succeeded his grandfather to the title in 1868. He was educated at Eton and Christ's Church, Oxford, and at an early period showed a decided partiality for the Turf. When an undergraduate he made his first important venture in horseflesh, which was Ladas, and although he cost £3000, he proved a very bad bargain. Couronne de Fer, a cast-off from the Heath House stable, was a better investment, as he ran second to George Frederick in the Derby of 1874; but All Heart, who was backed for a lot of money for his Derby, turned out a rank impostor. In handicaps Lord Rosebery has been more successful than in the classic races, having, in addition to other important events, won the Lincoln Handicap twice with Controversy and Touchet. In politics Lord Rosebery has almost from the time he entered the House of Lords taken an active part on the Liberal side. A fluent speaker and close reasoner, his speeches are always received with the greatest attention.

Lord Rosebery is at present at Dalmeny Park, where he is entertaining Mr. Gladstone, who is contesting the great county of Midlothian against the Buccleuch family, as represented by the Earl of Dalkeith. With every admiration for the great talents of Mr. Gladstone, we trust he will be unsuccessful at the approaching Election, our political faith being quite with the Conservative party; and we trust that Lord Rosebery, whose straightforward policy on the Turf we so much admire, will eventually be led to see the error of his ways, and range himself under the Constitutional banner. Mr. Gladstone's prosy speeches must be a great infliction even to the Scotch, who, much as they admire eloquence, like it of a somewhat connected character.

My dog, who picks up everything one teaches,
Has got "three heads," like Mr. Gladstone's speeches,
But, as might naturally be expected,
His are considerably more connected.

Lord Rosebery some years ago visited the United States of America, and travelled a considerable distance into the country, where the suavity of his manners made him deservedly most popular.

He married in 1877 Hannah, the only daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, through whom he has derived immense wealth. In addition to his racehorses, which are under the charge of R. Peck, at Russley, a few being trained by R. I'Anson at Epsom, Lord Rosebery has an extensive breeding stud at The Durdans, near Epsom, where he occasionally resides, his principal seat being Dalmeny Park, Linlithgowshire.

EMPRESS.

It is not the fashion nowadays to hide one's light under a bushel, therefore we have not the slightest hesitation in referring to our great success of the past week. Sport was the only journal which stood by Empress alone to win the Grand National. The Special Commissioner is to be heartily congratulated on hitting the mark with his first shot. He—the Special Commissioner—is a modest man, and promises to do better in the future, but we do not see how he can surpass his last week's feat. If he can keep up to this standard we shall be quite satisfied. Eagleswing must not be left out in the cold. He says his day will come, and points to the victories of Horizon and Advance at Liverpool.

LETTER-WRITERS.

Communications intended for insertion in SPORT *must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

R. A.—We cannot alter the conditions at present. ——PAROLE.—Yes, it may have been a question of money. The parties interested will no doubt be pleased to give you the desired information.—— M. T. R. —We may safely leave his writing to speak for itself. —— SCRUTATOR.—Your recommendation is appreciated.——B. C.—Try the system yourself, and let us know the result. Like everybody else, we know an infallible method, but we mean to keep it to ourselves. ——EARLY BIRD,—Thanks. It will not be neglected.

Sport.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1880.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

"Where are divers opinions, they may be all false; there can be but one true; and that one truth oft-times must be fetched by piecemeal out of divers branches of contrary opinion."—BISHOP HALL.

THE attempt to guess the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap was not successful. Divers opinions prevailed, but truth persisted in remaining at the bottom of the well. The victory of Rosy Cross was quite on the cards, but after her in-and-out performances nobody, except her owner and his associates, had the courage to give her support. The £10,000 Mr. Rymill is said to have won will help to recompense him for his previous disappointments with the mare. A friend with a powerful glass could not make out what became of the two great certainties, Midlothian and Chocolate. They were never really formidable. My selection, Briglia, ran fifth, and will repay following on a future day. The non-starting of Parole was the subject of much comment, especially after his victory and disqualification at Liverpool. The American gentlemen connected with Parole do not evidently bid for popularity; they have no borough to gain. Can theirs be the belief of the Pious Editor of James Russell Lowell?—

> "I do believe in bein' this
> Or thet, ez it may happen:
> One way or t'other hendiest is
> To ketch the people nappin'."

Handicappers, please take care of Mr. Parole in future. His bond is better than his word.

What influence has the Lincolnshire Handicap running on future events? A clever individual, evidently on the Conservative side, has found out that Midlothian's defeat presages the downfall of Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian. The question of politics is a little out of my line, but I shall not be sorry to see the prophecy come true. Horizon's forward position made him a good thing for Liverpool. He was my sole selection for the Prince's Park Plate, and in writing about him in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap, I said, "Horizon should manage to beat the other three year olds." Rosy Cross, Midlothian, Vegetarian, Ragman, Elf King, Sun of York, and Wallenstein, of the horses that ran in Wednesday's race, are engaged in the City and Suburban; and although the Lincolnshire Handicap victress is penalised 10lb, she will hold the others safe. It is a good thing for Mr. Rymill that he backed his mare for the Epsom race before Lincoln. She is now first favourite at 10 to 1. But her victory at Epsom is not by any means a foregone conclusion.

Up to this time the betting on the City and Suburban has been of a perfunctory character. Little or no interest has been shown in the race, but we shall ere many days pass be treated to a long list of quotations. The little that came under notice was chiefly confined to Parole, Westbourne, Master Kildare, and Rosy Cross. The running of Parole at Liverpool will naturally draw increased attention to his great chance. That the gelding is in good form at present there cannot be any doubt. It was odd that Archer, who generally has the mount on Parole, should have to disqualify him at Liverpool. The lesson they had at Lincoln will cause the B. P. to fight a little shy of the American team in future. It will be a close thing between Parole and Master Kildare at the slight difference of 2lb. The names of two of Peck's—Visconti and La Merveille—occasionally crop up, but no trace of a commission has been found. Victor Chief is also engaged, and the Lambourne stable will have a strong favourite before the day; and the weights of the three candidates are so favourable, the selected one is bound to be dangerous. There will be no mistake in the trial this journey. The Chocolate money must be got back. Robert Peck has the largest following of any trainer in England. Advance figured sometimes in the quotations, but with his penalty he cannot hope to cope successfully with Master Kildare and Parole. Of the three year olds Toastmaster holds the foremost place in the betting, and a private letter which I received the other day informs me that this is a first-class horse and is doing well. He will require to be a good one to win with 6st 12lb. Since 1851 Speculum was the only horse that carried this weight successfully. Of course what has been done once may be repeated, but Wadlow will have all his work cut out to take the race for Lord Wilton with the son of Brown Bread and Mayoress. It must not be overlooked, however, that Toastmaster's four appearances in public last season were in each case successful. He first saw the post at Doncaster in the Rous Plate, which he won from the much-fancied Duke of Cumberland, In Bounds, and seven others. Duke of Cumberland, since dead, had previously won the Gimcrack Stakes in a canter. Another Rous Plate, at Manchester, fell to Toastmaster without any trouble. The Melton Stakes at Leicester was as good as a walk-over for him. His last performance was in the Knowsley Nursery Handicap at Liverpool, in which he, carrying the top-weight (8st 12lb), defeated Conqueror (6st 5lb), Magdalene (6st 10lb), and four others. Now, Conqueror once ran Whitebine to a head at level weights, and this Knowsley Handicap performance stamps Toastmaster as a more than useful horse. Wadlow has one other candidate, Cylinder, engaged, but through Magdalene we can see that he is not of the same class as his stable companion, and the difference of the weight (8lb) will not bring them together. Toastmaster possesses an unbeaten certificate; he is entitled to the greatest respect, and will probably beat all the three year olds he may meet at Epsom; but whether he will be able to hold his own with the older horses is another matter. It may be taken for granted that the horse has wintered well. Of the horses engaged in the City and Suburban that ran during the past week, it will be observed that I prefer the chances of Rosy Cross and Parole. When the market is in a settled state I will discuss this race at length in SPORT.

With Horizon and Advance—my sole selections—I landed the two principal flat races at Liverpool, running second on other occasions, but it was reserved for my long-experienced and much-esteemed *confrère*—the Special Commissioner—to carry off the honours of the week. He alone among sporting writers took Empress singly to win the Grand National. Not a bad start for a new journal. The Irishmen had it all their own way. Liberator's running under such a steadier stamps him as the best steeplechase horse of the day. Regal blundered as he did last year, and could not make up his lost ground. The surprise of the race was the indifferent performance of Wild Monarch, but perhaps his light condition had something to do with his position at the finish. Everyone was sorry to hear that, owing to an attack of gripes, Jackal had to be struck out, and the Prince of Wales had his journey for nothing. Why Austerlitz did not run I do not know, unless it was that in the rough gallop said to have taken place on the Saturday Wild Monarch proved the best. The other races at Lincoln and Liverpool do not require notice at my hands. The two year olds were of an indifferent class, but if report is correct we are to be introduced to some clippers at Northampton.

The accident to Brother to Kisber is the only noticeable feature in connection with the Derby. It has been known for some time that Robert the Devil would make his re-appearance at the Craven Meeting.

There were some singular predictions for the Lincolnshire Handicap and Liverpool Grand National, but the sporting writer on Mr. Labouchere's publication, *Truth*, eclipsed all the others. He evidently does not like public form, and much prefers to find merit in horses that have previously performed indifferently. All credit must be given to him for the courage of expressing such original notions, and long may he continue to amuse, if not instruct, his sporting readers.

Goldsmith said: "The little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence."

The following were the wonderful selections referred to:—

"THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

"Last week I plumped for Adamite, who was scratched almost before my notes on the race appeared. I shall now predict the success of Castillon, who is a smart colt."

"THE GRAND NATIONAL.

"Liberator has no chance with his weight, but the stable will find a capital substitute in Rocksavage, of whom I have received so flattering an account that I shall plump for him."

During Passion Week the only race meeting of any consequence is the one held at Nottingham. At present writing there are nine races closed—five for to-day (Tuesday) and four for to-morrow. There is sure to be a large attendance, and Nottingham being the place of abode of no end of bookmakers, that element will come out strong.

The Vale of Belvoir Hunt Cup is a hurdle-race, and has Scamp engaged, who will probably find his most formidable opponent in Solomon, Mr. Gretton's dear purchase.

It is a most uncertain game backing two year olds so early in the year, but Select may be good enough to win the Little John Plate.

The chief race, the Nottingham Spring Handicap, will bring some eight or nine runners to the post. Julius Celsus carrying 11b more weight than on this occasion won last year, and is not unlikely to repeat his victory. The forward running of Concord at Lincoln makes him read dangerous, and I will leave the issue to the pair.

Advance, Hopbloom, Sign Manual, and Misenus are in the Oxton Hurdle Race. One of them is almost certain to prove victorious, and my preference is for the last-named and Sign Manual.

In the Portland Plate Sutler should take some beating. Red Cross Knight is nicely weighted.

The Rufford Abbey Plate on the second day has Concord again entered, and he may win if he can beat the best of Joseph Dawson's lot.

It is best to adhere to public running, especially so early in the season, and Gravity should be able to hold his own in the Bestwood Park Plate.

If Solomon is not successful on the first day, he might have better luck in the Annesley Hunters' Stakes. Moorhen may prove a troublesome customer. The Borough Members' Cup is for half-bred hunters.

Selections:—

NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

TO-DAY.

Nottingham Spring Handicap .....Julius Celsus.
Vale of Belvoir Hunt Cup .....Scamp.
Little John Plate .....Select.
Oxton Hurdle-Race .....Misenus.
Portland Plate .....Sutler.

WEDNESDAY.

Rufford Abbey Plate .....Concord.
Bestwood Park Plate .....Gravity.
Annesley Hunters' Stakes .....Solomon.

EAGLESWING.

THE PAST AND FUTURE.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,
LATE OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."

THE success of Rosy Cross in the Lincoln Handicap was scarcely anticipated even by the usual supporters of the Bedford Lodge stable, most of whom preferred the chance of her stable companion, Elf King, particularly when it was known that Mr. Crawford had repurchased him, and that Gallon would ride him. Mr. Rymill, the owner of Rosy Cross, however, never lost confidence in his mare, relying on the form she exhibited at Shrewsbury at the end of last year, and I understand he has netted the handsome stake of £10,000 by the result. Placida ran a real good mare, but I am satisfied the form of the lot was not very good, or she could not have obtained second place with 8st 11lb to carry. By her success at Lincoln Rosy Cross has incurred a penalty of 10lb for the City and Suburban, making her weight 8st 3lb, which by no means puts her out of the race. In fact, I am of opinion that she will again beat all that finished behind her at Lincoln; but at Epsom she will have two formidable competitors in Parole and Master Kildare, particularly after the form displayed by the American gelding at Liverpool, where he won the Spring Cup, but was disqualified owing to a cross. He has therefore incurred no penalty for the Epsom race.

The two year olds at Lincoln were only a moderate lot, the Brocklesby Stakes not having brought out anything approaching to brilliant form. The race fell to the Blankney squire, with the assistance of the filly by Hermit from Yaga, which was home-trained, and not much fancied by her owner. The Lincoln Cup was won very easily by Lord Dupplin with a colt by King of the Forest out of Fright, which he gave a hundred guineas for at the sale of the Beenham yearlings last year, and he is likely to do him further service.

The first day at Liverpool proved rather disastrous to backers, Thornfield not even getting a place in the Liverpool Hurdle-Race, which was won by a rank outsider, Misenus; and in the Sefton Steeplechase Bacchus was unable to concede 2st to Tarco, who was well supported by the Irish division, and won very easily, thus giving an early foretaste of the wonderful form displayed by the horses from the Sister Isle in the Grand National. The Liverpool Spring Cup was the occasion of rather a sensational occurrence. Parole, who had been scratched for the Lincoln Handicap, was sent to Aintree, and Archer having been engaged for Advance, H. Jeffery had the mount on the American, who won cleverly; but Archer objecting on the ground of a cross, the race was awarded to Advance, and Parole was, of course, disqualified, not much sympathy being felt for Mr. P. Lorilliard, owing to his tactics in connection with the Lincoln Handicap. The Grand National, as a matter of course, was the great feature of the meeting, and the presence of the Prince of Wales, who was the guest of Lord Sefton, added considerable *éclat* to the proceedings, this being the first time his Royal Highness saw the Grand National run. The principal absentees were Austerlitz and Jackal, the latter having got an attack of colic, which made it necessary to strike him out of the race on Friday morning. The number of starters was fourteen, of which three had won first honours in the Grand National—viz., The Liberator, Regal, and Shifnal. Mr. Moore's horse looked simply perfection, and as he walked about the paddock with Rocksavage, was considered the grandest model of a cross-country horse that has been seen for some years. Mr. Linde's pair, Empress and Woodbrook, also commanded general approbation, being both trained to the hour; but the daughter of Blood Royal, in size and shape, had greatly the advantage of her stable companion, her action also being free and taking. Downpatrick also looked uncommonly well, but Wild Monarch stripped very light, and if he had not been R. I'Anson's mount, few would have noticed him. The race may be easily described—Regal falling at the second fence, Gunlock and Sleight-of-Hand having declined the first obstacle, their example being followed by St. George at the fence where Regal came to grief. Here Jupiter Tonans went the front and made the running at a clipping pace, followed by Downpatrick, The Liberator, and Empress. "Jupiter" led by several lengths into the racecourse, but at the turn for home compounded, when Empress took the running, and never being again headed, won easily by two lengths. The Liberator, who was disappointed at the last hurdle, ran a great horse and defeated Downpatrick by a head for second place, thus verifying my prediction in last week's SPORT almost to the letter.

The only meeting of importance this week is Nottingham, and the chief race will be the Nottingham Handicap, to be decided to-morrow, for which my sole selection is

JULIUS CELSUS.

I hope to be able to give some interesting particulars about the Derby horses in the next number of SPORT.

Monday night.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

SPRING HANDICAP.—*Sportsman* (Vigilant)—Concord or Julius Celsus; *Bell's Life* (Bleys)—Concord or Mexico; *Sporting Gazette* (Censor)—Julius Celsus; *Era* (Touchstone)—Julius Celsus or Kingfisher; *Field*—Concord or Mexico; *Land and Water* (Prospero)—Adamite or Lace Shawl; *Sporting Life* (Augur)—Concord or Julius Celsus; *Sunday Times* (Vaticinator)—Concord or Lipscomb; *Referee* (Boris) Concord or Julius Celsus; *Daily Telegraph* (Hotspur)—Macadam and Cerberus; *Daily Chronicle*—Concord or Cerberus; *Sporting Times* (Vigilant and Wizard)—Concord and Mexico; *Daily News* (Meteor)—Macadam or Julius Celsus; *Standard* (Asmodeus)—Julius Celsus and Concord.

OXTON HURDLE RACE.—*Sportsman*—Misenus; *Bell's Life*—Misenus or Sir Hugh; *Sporting Gazette*—Advance or Tiber; *Era*—Milkmaid or Highland Mary; *Field*—Misenus or Norseman; *Land and Water*—Cannon Ball; *Sporting Life*—Sir Hugh or Sign Manual; *Sunday Times*—Cannon Ball or Hopbloom; *Referee*—Misenus or Sir Hugh; *Daily Telegraph*—Cannon's or Misenus; *Daily Chronicle*—Northfleet or Misenus; *Sporting Times*—Misenus or Sir Hugh; *Daily News*—Advance or Tiber; *Standard*—Sir Hugh or half brother to Peter.

PORTLAND PLATE.—*Sportsman*—MacGeorge or Sandial; *Bell's Life*—Hazelnut or St. Hilda; *Era*—The Cellarer or Emma Melbourne: *Field*—Sutler or Quickstep; *Land and Water*—Red Cross Knight; *Sporting Life*—Sutler or The Cellarer: *Sunday Times*—Emma Melbourne or Merry Heart; *Referee*—Essayez or Suffolk Lad; *Daily Telegraph*—Sutler or Red Cross Knight; *Daily Chronicle*—Hazelnut; *Sporting Times*—Sutler; *Daily News*—Howett's best or St. Hilda; *Standard*—Cellarer or Hazelnut.

LITTLE JOHN PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Select; *Bell's Life*—Select; *Sporting Gazette*—Cornu filly; *Land and Water*—Actoris; *Sporting Life*—Select; *Sunday Times*—Actoris; *Referee*—Select or Actoris; *Daily Chronicle*—Select; *Standard*—Select.

VALE OF BELVOIR HUNT CUP.—*Sportsman*—Scamp or Moorhen; *Bell's Life*—Solomon or Moorhen; *Sporting Gazette*—Solomon or Accident colt; *Era*—Scamp; *Field*—Moorhen or Scamp; *Land and Water*—Moorhen or Solomon; *Sporting Life*—Moorhen or Naunton; *Sunday Times*—Scamp; *Referee*—Moorhen or Scamp; *Daily Telegraph*—Moorhen; *Sporting Times*—Scamp or Moorhen; *Daily News*—Solomon; *Standard*—Scamp or Moorhen.

WEDNESDAY.

RUFFORD ABBEY PLATE. — *Sportsman*—Lady Blanche filly or Masquerader; *Bell's Life*—The Dean or Concord; *Sporting Gazette*—Mr. Savile's best. *Field*—King Boris or Mexico; *Land and Water*—Concord; *Sporting Life*—Mountain Ash or Masquerader; *Sunday Times*—Masquerader or Mexico; *Referee*—Mexico or The Dean; *Daily Telegraph*—Concord; *Daily Chronicle*—Albany; *Sporting Times*—Doeskin colt and Mexico; *Daily News*—Espada or Mr. Savile's; *Standard*—Lady Blanche filly or Concord.

BESTWOOD PARK PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Gravity; *Bell's Life*—Hazelnut, St. Hilda, or Wanderer; *Field*—Lady Blanche; *Land and Water*—Wanderer or Red Cross Knight; *Sporting Life*—Hazelnut or Gravity; *Sunday Times*—Emma Melbourne or St. Hilda; *Referee*—Hazelnut or Instantly; *Daily Telegraph*—St. Hilda or Red Cross Knight; *Daily Chronicle*—Hazelnut; *Sporting Times*—Gravity or Sutler; *Daily News*—St. Hilda or Howett's best; *Standard*—Gravity or St. Hilda.

ANNESLEY HUNTERS' STAKES.—*Sportsman*—Moorhen or Solomon; *Bell's Life*—Solomon or Wanderer; *Sporting Gazette*—Moorhen or Duchess of Sutherland colt; *Field*—Moorhen; *Sunday Times*—Moorhen or Wentworth; *Referee*—Moorhen or Solomon; *Daily Telegraph*—Solomon or Moorhen; *Sporting Times*—Solomon or Bristol; *Daily News*—Duchess of Sutherland colt; *Standard*—Solomon or Moorhen.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

THE postponed race was decided yesterday in favour of the Dark Blue, Oxford securing her eighteenth victory by about four lengths.

The time of the race, as taken by Benson's chronograph, was as follows:—The start took place at 10.38.38; the finish at 11.0.1; the duration of the race being thus recorded as 21.23. Last year's time was 21 min. 18 sec.

We refer to the race elsewhere.

NOTES

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IN days gone by, sporting journalists must have experienced great difficulty in pleasing themselves and satisfying their readers. Their task must have been somewhat akin to that associated with the making of bricks without straw. There was a dreadful monotony in these times in even leading events in the world of sport, and in most instances one year's anniversary was, so to speak, an exact counterpart of its predecessor. But how altered is the state of affairs now! Some unlooked-for circumstance is always cropping up, giving the brethren of the quill a text upon which to found their homilies. Year after year there was nothing fresh to be chronicled in connection with the University Boat Race, whereas now there is an embarrassment of riches, and just for the present I do not exactly know at which spot to take up the parable. The feud with the Steamboat Company, the unearthly hour of the fixture, even the obliging condescensions of the rival crews to the press and the public, were each and all sufficient food for more than one note. But the cry is now "postponement," and many will be the changes rung on the unfortunate fog of Saturday morning. How many of us would have left our sheets could we have foretold or foreseen it? The whole thing was a gigantic sell, so far as I was concerned. I lost my money at Lincoln, made bad worse at Liverpool, but came up to duty's call on Saturday morning as nearly smiling as a sore heart and a sleepy head would permit. Only to find my errand a fruitless one. My thoughts were not of the most pleasant description, neither I fear was my language. And I soon had my griefs further augmented, for on discussing the matter with the talent at Putney I was informed that all bets would have to be declared off, as the event had been adjourned into a fresh week. This was a confusion worse confounded with a vengeance. I had been fortunate enough before either crew appeared on the metropolitan river to get odds to a fairish sum against Oxford, and saw myself in imagination recouped of my Lincoln and Liverpool losses.

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WITH this grievance in my mind, the Universities and their Boat Race received scant courtesy at my hands that morning. The spectacles through which I looked at the different events were very discoloured, and my strictures on all and sundry connected with the postponement were severe. The contending athletes, I reasoned, could not have more completely stultified themselves than they did by this conduct. They were offered a glorious opportunity of putting into practice those doctrines which they had been preaching for weeks before. *They* did not want their race to be a public spectacle, *they* only wished to test their relative excellence with the oar, and *they* did not wish to be gazed upon by thousands of eager eyes, or shouted at by thousands of clamorous throats. The present was the time to accomplish this end—if they so wished. The banks were crowded, but none could have seen much of the struggle. The fog, so to speak, had come in answer to their prayer—and yet they were not satisfied. The interpretation is not far-fetched to say that they wouldn't row because they could not be seen.

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BUT laying joking aside, I fancy the race could easily have been brought off on Saturday morning. The fog no doubt was dense, but it was gradually clearing up, and could not under any circumstances have prevented the better crew from winning. The turn-out of sight-seers, considering the early hour and the inauspicious state of the elements, was enormous; and I cannot help thinking that the thousands who by thus coming out were paying homage to the arbitary youths, were deserving of some consideration. I do not say that the race should have been rowed to please the public simply, had there been any possibility of the better crew coming off second best by so doing. But I maintain there was no such risk, and in this opinion I am by no means singular. It is only a piece of high-handedness on the part of the University dictators, and is quite in keeping with their conduct throughout. Something surely ought to be done in future to bring them up to their senses. Experiment for one year by refusing the Thames, compel them to go to some out-of-the-way sheet of water where they will get all the privacy they profess to be anxious for, and you will find them, when the next anniversary comes round, returning hat in hand, glad to be servants where they formerly were tyrants.

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WELL, I am glad that the race is over at last, and that we have said good-bye to the rival "blues" for something like twelve months. London will be at rest, and the affairs of the nation will once more come in for some share of attention. I had grilled bones along with a specimen of young Oxford on Saturday night, and he informed me, with all the earnestness of thorough belief, that after Monday people would have leisure to think of the General Election, because "the Race" would then be a thing of the past. Youthful assurance (whether from Isis or Cam) is truly refreshing. That Oxford would win has long been a foregone conclusion.

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NOT being ubiquitous, I was not present at the Inter-'Varsity Athletic Sports at Lillie Bridge on Friday last. But my *alter ego* was there, note-book in hand, and the results of his observations I shall lay before my readers. *Imprimis*, the weather was all that could be desired; the sun shone forth with brilliance for the season, and it seemed as if the poet's invocations had been realised, and that "gentle Spring, ethereal mildness," had come. The attendance, why or wherefore, was not quite up to precedent or anticipation, but was nevertheless large and fashionable. Closer struggles and better individual performances have been recorded in previous years, but, taken collectively, the records of this year will bear more than favourable comparison with those of preceding ones. The reporters were, as heretofore, perched aloft, and duly grumbled at their situation, but the inclosure was kept wonderfully clear, and a good view of every contest was obtained. As I last week thought, Cambridge had the best of it, winning the hundred yards, weight-putting, hammer-throwing, high jump, quarter miles and three miles—the wide jump, hurdles, and one mile falling to Oxford. The best performances were undoubtedly those of Wise and Hough, and neither is very far removed from the first-class professional standard. The high and wide jumps were both well contested, although I cannot but think it the height of absurdity to draw it to so fine a point as a quarter of an inch in the latter contest. Precision is all very well in its way, but I think it would require one of Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifying gas microscopes" to tell to a quarter of an inch in the loose loam on which Wood and Fellowes alighted. The judges on Friday must have been quite as expert at hair-splitting as was Hudibras.

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AND now about the great and boasted improvement which was to take place in the starting. There is no use of toning matters down—notwithstanding the introduction of the pistol, Friday's starting was simply abominable, and I consider the wielder of the pistol more to blame than the competitors. Any fool can start long distance races, but it requires a man with at least some knowledge of the work he undertakes to despatch a quartette of anxious sprinters. If Mr. Jackson, as I am told, has had considerable experience of the starter's duties, he has evidently not improved his opportunities, and should seek for fame in some other official capacity. Only fancy a man getting away five yards in 120 yards race, as did Gilbert in the hurdles. The thing is a humbug, and the time test is rendered worse than useless—it is misleading. Lucas also got away a couple of yards in the "hundred." A

starter who will allow a competitor to beat the pistol even half that distance ought to fling the weapon after him, and never again pick it up. It is all bosh to say that the competitors will not stand on their marks; a starter who is worth his salt can easily compel them to do so, or make them sorry for their "dicky-dancing" tactics.

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THE Amateur Championship Meeting is still *in statu quo*. Messrs. Storey and Wise's circulars are out, and when answers are returned something definite will, I presume, be arranged. Athletes, in their anxiety to escape from one bondage, may have jumped into a worse. Certainly, the course of conduct pursued by the Amateur Athletic Club has never been conciliatory; but J. G. C. never sent forth to the world a production so dictatorial—not to say despotic—and offensively patronising as that just issued by the University Presidents. Athletes, don't be too impulsive. The Amateur Athletic Club, like Solomon, may have chastised you with whips; the Amateur Athletic Association, like Rehoboam, may chastise you with scorpions.

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THE murder is out at last, and the well-advertised "choppy" Warburton, erstwhile *amateur* gentlemen," has joined the professional ranks. He might, without burdening his conscience, have done so years and years ago. I condole with the professionals on their latest acquisition, and congratulate the amateurs on that less, which, I have no doubt, they will consider gain. There are a good many "choppys" still going about. I respectfully recommend them to the kind attentions of the Amateur Athletic Association when formed.

***

WITH the approach of Easter bicyclists begin to be busy, and sounds of preparation for coming frays are heard not only in the Metropolis, but also from the Black Country and Newcastle. In every case I fancy speculation more than sport is being studied. Last week's contest at the Agricultural Hall was well advertised, but although big prizes were given there were no great performances. The fact is that these six days' contests of all descriptions are well-nigh played out, and if the promoters of them wish to study their own interests they should "dwell the box" for a season. The race last September between Waller and Terront was an exceptional one, and resulted in an excellent performance. Had one of the pair been absent, the struggle would have been tame in the extreme. With Waller out, what is last week's experience? A poor race, little interest, and less remuneration. Although the promoters attempted to dub it a champion race, a champion farce would have been nearer the mark. From the outset Terront had things all his own way, and although in the early days of the contest, when comparatively fresh, he cut Waller's record, still, when the pinch came and there was no opponent within hail, how wofully he fell off, and what a poor conclusion there was to a promising commencement! Waller and Terront are an extraordinary couple of proficients, and have, I believe, too much respect for each other's powers to thoughtlessly go in opposition. That they will meet I have no doubt, but they are both too long-headed to allow an outside caterer to reap the chief pecuniary reward. Waller, I see, has challenged the world; Terront is of course meant, and should a match be arranged, something terrific will be accomplished. My own opinion is strongly in favour of the Northumbrian stonemason, who is a cool customer, and rides with his head as well as his legs. An intimate friend of mine, a bicycle authority, is a strong partisan of the Frenchman, whose bad machine, he says, lost him his memorable set-to with Waller. With a different machine, I admit, he would have done better, but Waller would also, I know, during that week have made a corresponding improvement. A race between these two would be a champion race in reality and not in name merely.

***

CHAMPIONS and championship races are fast becoming as unbearable as they are innumerable. I can well remember the time when champions were few and good, but now they are as frequent as currants in a Christmas pudding, and, like them, very commonplace. I tried the other day to sum up the different people who laid claim to the title (some game or other) in a weekly sporting paper, but I was compelled to stop short at sixty, although the list was not by an means exhausted. If this thing goes on, the word *champion* must be expunged from the sporting vocabulary.

***

FOR the present I must cease, but next week I shall have a few plain truths to state in connection with bicycling, swimming, running, walking, mixing, and football, giving recent experience in each department of sport.

A BIT OF A FARCE.

—:o:—

BY AN EMINENT UNKNOWN.

SCENE.—*A handsomely-furnished modern apartment. Practicable French window* C. F., *opening upon a lawn and flower garden, from which enter* MRS. ELLEN BLACK, *a fashionable widow, and her elderly cousin,* ROSE CAREW.

ELLEN. Oh, yes, I saw him and his wife and his large family of little children. I went to his cottage, but I certainly shall not engage him.

ROSE. Why not? Charley Graye says he is a steady, sober man, and an excellent gardener. Mrs. Graye tells me that his wife is a very useful, industrious woman. It is true that the children are numerous—by some mysterious dispensation poor married men always do have large families—but they are well managed and go to school. What is the objection?

ELLEN. A most absurd one. You will laugh at me, I know, but I can't help it. He has red hair, and so have all his children.

ROSE (*laughing*). But they can't help that.

ELLEN. Nor can I help my prejudice, which is so strong that I do believe if a red-headed emperor offered me his hand to-day I should on the spot immediately and indignantly reject him.

ROSE. And I suppose the result would be much the same if he were a brown-headed, or a black-headed, or a white-headed, or even a bald-headed emperor.

ELLEN. Why?

ROSE. Now don't look so innocently astonished. You know why as well as I do. It is, oh, most enviable and lucky of your sex! because you are expecting an offer of marriage from Charley Graye. (ELLEN *laughs*) What are you laughing at? You know it is so.

ELLEN. Such a joke! (*Shows a letter.*) Do you see that? It came by post this very morning. There!

ROSE. What is it?

ELLEN. An offer of marriage.

ROSE. To you?

ELLEN. To me.

ROSE. From Charley Graye?

ELLEN (*shaking her head*). No.

ROSE. Not from Charley Graye!

ELLEN. Not from Charley Graye.

ROSE. Then you'll decline it, of course?

ELLEN. Why of course?

ROSE. Why? Because it isn't from Charley Graye.

ELLEN. Why, Rose, I almost believe you're in love with Charley yourself. I caught you yesterday sighing over his portrait in my photograph album. His sister says she is sure that you dote upon the very ground he treads.

ROSE. I? What a joke! Why I'm fifteen years his senior, and quite on the shelf. Of course I admire him—everybody does—but surely—besides don't I, know that he is deeply in love with you?

ELLEN. I'm afraid he is, poor fellow! (*sighs*).

ROSE. Afraid?

ELLEN. Yes; afraid. Listen, Rose. This offer is from a middle-aged bachelor millionaire, my late husband's nephew. The dear old gentleman used to write to Mr. Swain the most gushing letters about his sweet young wife; used to enumerate all my good qualities, and many more than I can boast, for in his eyes I had every charm that makes our sex delightful to his own; every virtue that frail humanity is pure enough to exercise. The result was that Mr. Swain fell in love with me before he had seen me. He is in England now, and on his way here to receive from my own lips a reply to this letter. I am expecting him every hour.

ROSE. Surely—surely you will not accept him?

ELLEN. Why not?

ROSE. But Charley?

ELLEN. Yes, I'm afraid poor dear Charley will be disappointed.

ROSE. Disappointed! He will be broken-hearted It will kill him!

ELLEN. Oh! dear no. Bless your innocent heart, men are not killed so readily. Charley is more sincere than most men are, I admit. He really will be a little unhappy at first—say for a week or two. He will be silent, reserved, sad-looking, and all that sort of thing—will go about with a pensive expression, a little pale, perhaps, pretending to be awfully melancholy, while secretly enjoying the sympathy and compassion of all the pretty, tender-hearted girls of his acquaintance. Why, within a month he'll be making hot love to somebody else. Who knows? Perhaps, dear, to——eh?

ROSE. To me? (ELLEN *nods and smiles.*) Nonsense! (*Sighs heavily.*) You are unjust. You do not understand him. The passion HE nourishes is no light, vain, frivolous thing, which buds, blossoms, and decays within a month. It is so strongly rooted that it clings even to the flinty rock.

ELLEN. Hem! That's myself. Thank you!

ROSE. And flowers amidst snow and frost. He will never love another. Never! Never! (*Crosses stage.*)

ELLEN. We shall see. (*Goes towards window.*) Gracious! here he is!

ROSE. Who?

ELLEN. Charley Graye.

ROSE. He has come to pop the question. I'll run away. [*Exit* R.

ELLEN. This is awkward. How shall I receive him? What shall I say to him? What reply must I give to his letter? My frail, weak heart is fluttering already. Poor fellow! I could love him with all my soul if I dared, and I almost wish I had the courage to do so, but I mustn't. What! abandon a millionaire for a struggling barrister, who never has a spare guinea in his purse—absurd! Now for the struggle—let me be brave—one great throb of agony there, another here (*pressing her hands over her heart*), and then—why then it's all over. My heart beats so fast and hard, I—I—I cannot speak to him yet!

[*Exit hastily,* L.

(CHARLEY GRAYE *at window.*)

CHARLEY. May I come in? Silence gives consent. (*Enters.*) Excuse me. Poor Bob is so anxious to become your gardener that—— Why, there's nobody here. (*Comes down, looking about him.*) They told me she was in this room with Miss Carew; and, although I came hoping to find no one with her, I was cowardly enough to feel like a reprieved criminal to find she was not alone. A man of my profession ought to have more pluck. I who have addressed solemn judges sitting on the bench, in all the glory of their awe-inspiring wigs, ought not to feel awkward and silly when addressing this pretty young widow; but I do when we're alone. Twice have I been on the eve of popping that terrible question, and failed. So now I have done it in writing. I wonder whether this will be the fatal third. I hope—I fear! (MR. ROBERT SWAIN *appears at the window. He has fiery red hair.*) Ah, Bob, is that you?

MR. SWAIN. Well, my name is certainly Robert; but—— (*Enters.*)

CHARLEY (L). You haven't the pleasure or honour or what not of my acquaintance. I beg your pardon, sir. I had called to plead the cause of someone with—with your complexion, and, for the moment, I thought he had followed me. It's a mistake. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce is he?

MR. SWAIN (R). (*Aside.*) He seems quite at home here. Who the devil can be be? Hem! (*Aloud.*) I was told that I should find Mrs. Black in this room.

CHARLEY. So was I. Perhaps she is in the garden. Take a seat. I will go and see. What name shall I mention?

MR. SWAIN. Swain—Mr. Robert Swain—from India.

CHARLEY. Thanks. I'll be back directly.

[*Exit by window.*

MR. SWAIN (*admiringly*). A very pretty little place, tastefully furnished and full of old-fashioned comforts. The pictures are valuable, or seem so. I'm no great judge of pictures. Just the home in which I can comfortably pass the remainder of my quiet days. Ah! (*A sigh of enjoyment.*) Bless us! (*Cheerfully.*) I shall stay to dinner. The servant was taking in a glorious capon. Wonder if she keeps a good cellar? I should like to suggest the advisability of stuffing that capon with oysters (*takes out watch*). It's not too late now. The garden is pretty (*goes to window*). There were lobsters, too. I dare say she keeps a good table. My uncle must have left her a very pretty property. She knows how to take care of it, I dare say, or if she don't I do; so that's all right. Ah! It's all very nice—very nice indeed.

[*Re-enter* ROSE.

ROSE. A stranger!

MR. SWAIN (*turning round, puts up eye-glass*). There she is. A most charming creature, I declare! Charming! charming! My heart frizzles over Cupid's burning coals, like a fritter in the fat. Let me—ah! let me address her! (*Comes down and bows*). My dear madam, you do not know me—of course you don't. How should you? We never met before. Yet I know you. My uncle's letters were so accurate, and so vivid, and so eloquent in their descriptions of your charms of mind and person that I felt sure I should recognise you at a glance. And I do, madam, I do!

ROSE. Really, sir, I——

[*Re-enter* MRS. BLACK *with letter.*

MR. SWAIN. You have not the same advantage. Of course you haven't. But when I add that my uncle was old Black—I beg pardon, the late Mr. Black—your dear departed——

ROSE (*smiling*). You have made a mistake, sir. That is Mrs. Ellen Black.

ELLEN. Good heavens! Here's another of those red-headed monstrosities (*aside*).

MR. SWAIN (*dropping and replacing his eye-glass*). So I have! Of course I have! Bless us!

ROSE. This, cousin, is your late husband's nephew from India. (*Ellen shrieks.*)

MR. SWAIN.
ROSE. } What's the matter?
CHARLES (*rushing in through window*).

ELLEN. Nothing, Rose. Nothing, Charley, dear. Only—a—a sudden pang. I'm better now, Mr. Swain, and I'm very glad to see you; more glad than you can imagine.

MR. SWAIN. Really, madam, you're very kind—very kind indeed. She doesn't look glad, though. (*Aside.*)

ELLEN. Gracious Heavens! Here's a disaster! (*Aside.*)

ROSE (*aside to* ELLEN). He has red hair!

ELLEN (*aside to* ROSE). But he's a millionaire.

ROSE. Then you will marry him?

ELLEN (*emphatically*). Not if he were an emperor! (*Aside.*) I beg pardon, gentlemen; you have not been introduced. Mr. Charles Graye, this is my late husband's nephew, Mr. Robert Swain. Mr. Robert Swain, this is an ACCEPTED suitor for my hand, Mr. Charles Graye.

ROSE (*astonished*).
SWAIN (*dismayed*). } ACCEPTED!
CHARLES (*delighted*).

ELLEN. I trust you will stay and dine with us, gentlemen. By the bye, I have not introduced my cousin. Mr. Swain—Miss Carew.

MR. SWAIN (*putting up his eye-glass*). Really—delighted—but, my dear Mrs. Black, just one word with you in private. (*Leads her to the window.*)

CHARLES. Miss Carew, my dear old friend, congratulate me. I am the happiest man in the universe.

ROSE. Why, when did you propose?

CHARLES. Not half an hour ago, in a letter.

MR. SWAIN (*coming forward with* MRS. BLACK. *He is angry, she merry*). Very well, madam; very well, madam; don't apologise, don't apologise, pray. Ha! ha! ha! Millionaires don't go begging for wives, I can tell you, eh! eh! eh! They're not often to be caught (*looking at* ROSE). That's a nice woman—a very nice woman; I wonder whether she'd have me? (*aside*).

MRS. BLACK. But really, Mr. Swain, I must be permitted to explain.

MR. SWAIN. Not a word, madam, not a word! Only you'll excuse me if I say that after all the letters that have passed between us I can't help regarding this reception as—eh! eh! ha!—as—a—a—a—excuse me——

A BIT OF A FARCE.

(All rights, including the marriage rite which soon after converted Black into Graye, reserved by the author.)

ROUND THE CIRCLE.

DURING the past week no less than three people have voluntarily confessed to as many distinct murders; but in not one of these cases is there, so far as the police can yet ascertain, any reason for believing the statements of these self-accused persons. I hope my remarks last week on the interest and sympathy which murderers so often excite among silly people have in no way encouraged any of the individuals in question to proclaim themselves guilty of capital crimes. They might find absence of distinct evidence against them of very little weight in clearing them of such a charge if they happened to be tried by Mr. Justice Hawkins.

***

I PERCEIVE in a New Zealand paper, dated Feb. 2, that a melodrama of "the Grecian" type, and a farce called "My Diamond Pin," formed the entertainments mainly relied upon at the Auckland Theatre until the advent of that valuable MS. entitled "H.M.S. Pinafore." This work of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan has been played there for a short time to tolerably well-filled, but by no means crowded, houses. Can this absence of furore be owing to the fact of "My Diamond Pin" having so recently figured in the playbills that the good folk of Auckland thought they had seen the Pin—afore?

***

THE police have been making another raid on the public. This time it isn't an inoffensive cabman, but it is a harmless plasterer. According to the evidence of Leonard, 426 E, and of five other equally "active and intelligent" constables, the dignity of these high officials in felt helmets was much offended as they were returning home from duty the other evening. On their way they found the footpath obstructed by a group of men who seem to have been engaged in nothing more unlawful than talking to each other. Instead of stepping off the flags, and continuing their route home without interference with anyone, these highly-educated and greatly-gifted persons, whose temporal wants are supplied by the ratepayers, "attempted to separate the crowd," to use the words of 426 E. The same impartial authority assured the presiding magistrate that the defendant, one Smith, objected to this hustling on the part of the constables, threatened "to upset" some of them, and actually—oh, tell it not in Great Scotland Yard!—pushed against one of the policemen.

***

HAD there been no other testimony than that of the six constables, the unfortunate Smith would undoubtedly have been fined, perhaps imprisoned, for daring to get into the way of a policeman, even when not on duty. But Mr. Hasluck, a well-known manufacturer in the City, happened to be passing when the alleged assault took place, and his evidence, which he kindly came forward to give in the interests of the accused and of the public, showed who the aggrieved person really was. It was the plasterer, not the policeman, who was pushed—we can guess how gently—by Leonard, 426 E, and another constable without any provocation tripped up the poor fellow, causing him to fall heavily; while a third ruffian in blue promptly proposed that the prostrate man should be carried off to the station-house and charged with being drunk and disorderly. Mr. Hasluck further stated that he distinctly saw one of these constables kick a man from behind who did not get out of the way with that celerity which it is, one would suppose, the duty of every Englishman to show when it is a question of possibly impeding for a moment the progress of any member of the E division.

***

THE real wrong-doers being thus detected and exposed, it may naturally be asked what punishment was meted out to these mendacious "knaves in Kendal green"—or rather blue. Were they at once punished as the plasterer would have been had he been found guilty of the same conduct? Nothing of the kind. The defendant was of course discharged, but the gross misbehaviour of the police was referred to the Commissioner for investigation, and they were told that "nothing could justify their conduct." To my mind it was no longer a question of justifying their conduct, but of punishing it with the utmost severity.

***

BUT Mr. Vaughan, the magistrate before whom the foregoing case was investigated, is capable of displaying no small amount of indignation when the misconduct of the police is not the subject upon which he is called to express an opinion. I once heard him lecture a small boy for full ten minutes on the enormity of his having got into a fight with a telegraph-lad when the latter was taking a message to somebody; and if platitudes could gain importance from pomposity in their delivery the remarks of the learned gentleman on this occasion would have excited considerably more attention than they did.

***

MR. VAUGHAN'S last exhibition of feeling was directed against the pawnbrokers. A few days since a Mrs. Biddlecombe went out without taking the trouble of locking a box in which was her jewellery. The servant of the house was that evening visited by an old acquaintance named Elizabeth Morgan, who is alleged to have stolen most of what the box contained, and to have pledged many of the trinkets. With one exception these articles were severally "hypothecated" for sums under a guinea at various pawnbrokers' shops. The exception was that of a diamond ring, which was deposited as security for a loan of £2. "False names and addresses were given in each case," and nobody was able to identify the prisoner as the person to whom these sums of money were lent.

***

HERE was an opportunity for a display of indignation, in the opinion of Mr. Vaughan. The brutality of the police he can allude to with perfect equanimity and in language so euphemistic that the most sensitive constable who ever carried a bludgeon—and used it—can hardly feel hurt; but on pawnbrokers who take in pledges "without due inquiry" he pours out all the vials of his wrath, and it can hardly be denied that, on occasions like these, "he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his arguments," which is saying rather more for his arguments than they deserve.

***

So Mr. Vaughan would have pawnbrokers make due inquiry from anyone who didn't look as if he or she kept one footman at least. Why, were such a course adopted, the pawnbrokers would have to treble their staff of assistants, and the customers at such places would have to give twenty-four hours' notice of their intention to pay a visit to their avuncular relative.

***

IT has been currently reported for months past that Mr. S. B. Bancroft has spent £10,000 on the reconstruction and embellishment of the Haymarket Theatre; but I have it on excellent authority that one contract alone was signed for £12,000, and that others to the extent of £7000 were entered into. Nor do these sums represent all the money which has been expended on the house by the new manager of the late Mr. Buckstone's disastrous undertaking.

***

I HEAR that the new French piece, entitled "La Petite Mère," is unlikely, after all, to find its way to the Haymarket boards in an English form. This work will probably be as unprofitable to Mr. Bancroft as the two comedies of M. Sardou that the manager of the Haymarket Theatre invested so much of his money in a few months since.

***

THE next change in the programme of this theatre will be the substitution of T. W. Robertson's "School" for Lord Lytton's "Money."

***

BY THE BYE, I wonder how many unknown English authors Mr. Bancroft has introduced to the stage during *his* management. It isn't a very long or intricate calculation which has furnished me with an answer, and far from a creditable one.

***

THE number of these new English dramatists whose works have been placed before the public through the judgment and enterprise of Mr. Bancroft amounts to exactly—none whatever.

***

AND who made Miss Marie Wilton's little theatre in Tottenham Street famous, and her treasury overflow with gold? Certainly not Victorien Sardou, or any of his French *confrères*. It was an English author, born at Newark in 1829, and christened Thomas William. But a Robertson doesn't present himself at the stage-door every day, and even if he did I am pretty certain that Mr. Bancroft wouldn't discover the fact.

***

WHAT constitutes "a gallant rescue?" I have just been reading in a morning paper of a drunken waiter from London who was found the other night hanging by his hands to the outside of the trellis work of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, better remembered here by the name of the old Hungerford Bridge. The waiter was about to drop into the water beneath, a distance of fully 250 feet, and there is little doubt that he intended it as the last drop he would ever take, having made up his mind, such as it was, to join those Good Templars who are no longer in a minority, owing to their having "gone over to the great majority." But he was prevented in carrying out this resolve by Mr. R. H. Barnes, who thrust his hands through the trellis work, grasped the wrists of the bibulous waiter, and held him till his own wild shouts brought assistance. I perceive that the Bristol magistrates "highly complimented Mr. Barnes for his courageous conduct."

***

WELL, as Mr. Barnes didn't incur the slightest peril by thrusting his hands through the trellis work of a suspension bridge, I fail to see in what his gallantry consisted. A friend of mine once seized hold of a sheep's tail that he saw protruding through the bars of a cattle truck, but I never heard that he received the Royal Humane Society's medal for the daring exploit.

***

AN association of ladies and gentlemen has been founded at 316, Regent Street, under the title of the Lotos Club, and a list of the "Provisional Honorary Committee," whatever that may mean, has been issued. It consists almost entirely of actors and actresses, so it may be inferred from that fact that the club is intended almost exclusively for the members of the dramatic profession. I see that no visitors are to be allowed within the walls of the club-house unless they are "invited to a private dinner or supper party." This is a very pleasing arrangement—for the visitors. But I have been told by two or three of the "Provisional Honorary Committee" that an unauthorised use has been made of their names in connection with this very novel club!

***

ANOTHER anniversary of the French Commune has come and gone within the last few days, and the event has been remarkable chiefly for a speech made by Madame—I beg her pardon—Citoyenne Rouzade. She has denounced everybody who is anybody in unmistakeable terms, and among other things she has declared that Nature has created no one a master among men. Let him who is in authority appear *in puris naturalibus*, argues this amiable female, and what becomes of his knowledge or of his ability. Strip the General of his uniform, the Judge of his ermine, the Parson of his robes—put them, in brief, says Citoyenne Rouzade, into a bath, and who would be able to recognise them?

***

MY own experience is that Nature has made many men masters among us, but of course the *servants* will be the last to admit this. Then with regard to a General without any clothes, I confess that he might find his position somewhat chilly in these east winds; but I don't think the absence of his cocked hat would necessarily involve the loss of his head. I know that if anyone were to call through the keyhole of my bath-room, and ask, "Do the division leaders move at the command to wheel into echellon?" I should mechanically reply, "That depends on the flank to which the echellon is to be formed." And I dare say a General, even in his shirt, could describe a ramp and a *pas de souris*.

***

WHETHER the Judge would be ignorant of law and the clergyman of theology if deprived of their robes, is a question too ridiculous to be seriously discussed by anyone but a Communist.

***

I AM asked what the Comédie Française really means. Well, it means very careful and clever acting for one thing. As to its constitution, the Comédie Française is a self-governing corporate body, responsible to no one manager, and under the immediate patronage of the State. The members pass judgment, by the voice of a committee selected from themselves, on all new pieces submitted for performance. Their traditions date back to the days of Louis XIV.

***

BY THE BYE, "Diplomacy," the joint adaptation from the French, which was brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre some time ago, will follow "School" at the Haymarket Theatre.

***

MR. JOHN BARNETT, of 10, Cox Buildings, Lambeth, has complained of his wife to the magistrate at Westminster. According to Mr. Barnett's version of the case, Mrs. Barnett has recently become very fond of alcoholic stimulants, and has run away from her lord and master, taking with her all the money she could

find. Mr. Barnett is anxious to point out the great distinction there is between himself and his spouse. She is asserted to have indulged too freely in liquor; but he, as he told the magistrate, with all the pride of conscious virtue, is "a total abstainer." This is all very well, so far as it goes; but Mr. Barnett goes further. He coolly informed the magistrate on Saturday that he hoped he should not meet his wife, who was living somewhere near King's Cross, as he should "most certainly murder her" if he did. Asked if he really meant what he said, he answered, "Most decidedly I do. Such people as *her* ought not to live." As the magistrate entertained a different opinion on that point, Mr. Barnett, to his intense surprise, found himself taken into custody forthwith. He has been ordered to find bail for his future good behaviour. He ought to be called on to find bail for his good English also.

***

Mr. Parnell has reached Ireland once more. He says he has had abundant proof that the effort to deprive him of his character has failed. Who in the world could have coveted the character of Mr. Parnell?

***

The Patriotic Association, "formed to aid in upholding the honour and interests of the British," is about to establish a new paper. The undertaking has my best wishes; but I hope, for the sake of the readers, that all the members of the Association are not to be allowed to contribute to their newspaper.

***

An esteemed correspondent asks if the comedietta, called "A Sudden Change," which appeared in Sport last week, is not from the French, as he knows a Paris piece in which the wheel of a carriage comes off also. So do I several, both in French and English; but for all that "A Sudden Change" is original, and no one can be a better authority on that point than myself. I may remark too, though the fact is of minor importance, that the wheel of the carriage does *not* come off in the little piece in question.

***

The statement, made public by the Central News Agency, that Hartmann had fully confessed his share in the Moscow attempt to destroy the Emperor of Russia with dynamite turns out, as might have been expected, pure invention. Hartmann is not the kind of man who would assist in securing a rope round his own neck.

***

Literature has its rewards; particularly, be it carefully noted, when one writes a book by Royal command. Mr. Theodore Martin, the husband of Helen Faucit, is now merged into Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., and the splendid actress, whose spotless life makes her fit for the society of our best families, is now the worthy sharer of a title.

***

I hope the title of "Cobwebs" has not been given to the forthcoming new play at the Vaudeville Theatre because of the slightness of the story. A new piece without a "backbone" of plot running through it is often a hazardous experiment.

***

A few days ago an invitation, accompanied by a printed programme, was sent to me by the Montefiore Literary and Art Society, an institution in which the worthy baronet of that name takes a lively interest. The society in question, for the last year or two, has occupied a commodious building having all the conveniences of a club-house, and centrally situated in the vicinity of the British Museum. Within this club-house, for so it may be described, there is a handsome *bijou* theatre, and it was to witness the performance of that well-known comedy, "The Two Roses," that my presence on the occasion referred to was requested. As a rule I don't like amateur performances, whether in literature or art. To me they have often proved insufferably *dreich*. Not many years ago I was invited to a corner house in Russell Square, where I was told elocution was taught to those who were capable of acquiring that art.

"Ah, distinctly I remember,"
It was in the bleak December,"

and a terrible draught there was between an open door and a broken pane of glass. Well, there I sat bolt upright, on a seat but a foot wide, with my knees pushed in the back of a bony young man in the row before me. For three mortal hours I was wedged in and obliged to witness "Still Waters Run Deep," acted in a manner that made every critical hair of my head stand on end. As Charles Kingsley once said in a letter to Mr. Tom Hughes, "there was a party there of doubtful h's and commercial demeanour," and he certainly, to use a hackneyed phrase, had a good deal to learn, for he didn't seem to have begun that kind of work yet, and there were others in the cast who were almost in as bad a plight.

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But what a pleasing contrast was the acting at the theatre of the Montefiore Literary and Art Society. With a single exception, I could well have believed, had anyone told me so, that the ladies and gentlemen on the stage were West End artists of note. Digby Grant, a part made famous by the splendid personation of Mr. Irving at the Vaudeville Theatre in 1871, was entrusted on this occasion to Mr. Philip Samuels, and it has probably never been acted so well since it was originally embodied by the present manager of the Lyceum Theatre. Caleb Deecie found an excellent exponent in Mr. F. Grove, and once only did he seem, by his way of taking something off a table, to forget that he was enacting the part of a blind man. The character of Our Mr. Jenkins after the first act leaves the region of comedy for that of broad farce, and assuredly the errors of the author were in no respect hidden by Mr. Frederick Small. But decidedly the most interesting and charming performance of all was that of Miss Florence Abrahams, who, with her sister Violet as Mrs. Cupps, fairly bore off the honours of the evening. I am by no means unconscious, however, of the admirable manner in which the respective representatives of Ida and Mrs. Jenkins acquitted themselves. The piece was produced under the direction of Mr. Israel Abrahams, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., and certainly reflects much credit on his stage management. Not once were the prompter's services called into requisition throughout the whole evening.

THE CHARITABLE GRINDER.

TALKING.

Lemoine Montigny, one of the last surviving actors who played in the first representation of "Hernani," died only the other day.

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The first Dona Sol was the famous Mademoiselle Mars, and I remember reading some amusing stories of how she sat cracking sugar-plums and critically correcting the author while he read his play. A dispute arose. Hugo told the great actress that she must forget Mademoiselle Mars and remember Dona Sol. She said his words would be hissed. He replied, "Madame, I choose rather to be hissed for a good verse than applauded for a bad one;" adding, "Let the public take care of itself, let me take care of my play, and do you take care of your part." If Balzac had treated argumentative actresses and combative actors in the same cool, resolute spirit, it is said that "Vautrin" would have met a different fate. And this brings me to the latest personator of Dona Sol, Sarah Bernhardt, who will soon be with us again, in company with the rest of the Palais Royal players, including, as we all hope, charming Madame Judic. Mr. John Hollingshead has already received subscriptions amounting to fifteen thousand pounds.

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I have heard no echo in the English papers of an extraordinary case of murder in America committed by a man named Poindexter. He shot a young man in a shoe store a few weeks since, because, while trying on some new boots, he presumed to touch without due reverence the foot of a young lady whom he(Poindexter) was about to marry. The Virginians followed the victim to his grave, and kept it bright and fresh with flowers. And a member of the American Legislature moved in Congress for an Act to exempt the murderer from wearing the prison garb during his confinement! On the eve of his departure for prison Poindexter was permitted to marry the lady whose foot was so outraged by a boot-maker, at her residence, while in the sheriff's charge. The Judge who tried and condemned him was present and gave away the bride! You can't believe it. It reads so like an extravagant invention. But it isn't. Talking of

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America suggests Modjeska, the great Polish actress, who is coming from that country to this, and will appear in May next; where has not yet, I think, been determined. Report speaks of her in glowing language as an artist of the highest rank and greatest power. Her Juliet drove the American playgoers into rapturous fits of admiration, and the dramatic critics "gushed" as only American dramatic critics can gush. In Poland she was one of the national company engaged for life to the Imperial Theatres, and there she would have been to this day, but for the chance of marriage. The name she professionally bears is that of her first husband, who is dead. Her present husband is Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a well-known journalist, descended from a noble Polish family, renowned through many generations as patriots. The Russian Government watched him suspiciously, its spies were always about him, and at last he determined to emigrate to California and there settle down as a farmer. Some brother editors, artists, and noblemen promised to join him. They would create a new Poland, far beyond the reach of Russia's open oppression and secret persecution. So Madame Modjeska insisted on receiving indefinite leave of absence from the Imperial Theatre, and bade farewell to her unfortunate land, while the acclamations and farewell cries of a vast crowd assembled to witness her departure rang in her ears. The farm in California was a failure. Modjeska learned English, and appeared upon the American boards, winning a reputation which will shortly be brought to the test of a critical London audience.

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The weather has grown colder since these Poles were announced. Are they on the way to us? Is it because we are nearer to them than we were?

COLLOQUIA.

THE PLAY.

Our comments upon the dramatic doings of the past week need be but brief. "Rival Candidates," the new comedy at the Folly, by Mr. G. R. Douglass, was produced on Wednesday last. It is a slight but amusing piece of no great strength, for which Mr. Macklin, Mr. Arthur Wood, Mr. Draycott, Miss B. Henri, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Cathcart do all that can be expected. Mr. Wood's Eccles Judkin was a genuine piece of good comic acting.

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The little comedietta preceding it, "A Quiet Pipe," written by Miss Cowen and Mr. S. M. Samuel, is also new and slight, but rather pretty. Mr. Macklin played the leading part cleverly.

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Miss Ellen Terry must look to her laurels: Modjeska, the great Polish actress, is coming. (See "Talking.")

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Kate Vaughan's benefit on Wednesday was, we are pleased to say, a real success.

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This being Passion Week, until next Saturday evening the Lyceum Theatre will be closed. So also will be the Folly.

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We last week announced the coming of the Dutch actors to play Dutch plays at the Imperial Theatre, where "As You Like It" still reigns in glory. They will be here in June next, and will give twelve representations.

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Mr. George Lancaster's "Shakespeare on the Brain," of which we also spoke last week, has been postponed until Easter.

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So has "Cobwebs" at the Vaudeville, where, says a witty contemporary, "the stage 'flies' are to be made additionally secure." David James is to play in it as a comic undertaker.

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"Brought to Justice" is the title of a piece which will appear at Easter on the Surrey boards, where Miss Alice Ingram is making headway.

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At Drury Lane Easter will witness the revival of "Madame Angot" and "Lady Audley's Secret." Mr. J. A. Arnold will appear as Larivaudiere, and Wilford Morgan as the Ange Pitou. The chorus will be one hundred strong. The part of Lady Audley will be personated by Miss Louise Moodie.

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At the Alhambra the Easter piece will be "Tambour Major," with F. Mervin in the title-*rôle*.

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A benefit is to be given on this (Monday evening) to Mr. Charles Harcourt. He heartily deserves a splendid one.

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Mr. Henry Neville is to be stage manager at the Adelphi. He is sure to be a good one.

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On Saturday "Les Cloches de Corneville" was withdrawn at the Globe.

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A rumour is extant which says that Mr. Irving will shortly appear as "Romeo." People laugh. Why? A figure like Mr. Irving's can be made up for anything.

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Farini has been engaged by Barnum for America. Zazel and the Zulus are to be with him, and his salary will be three hundred and fifty pounds per week—so they say.

At the Duke's Theatre "The Battle of the Heart" still rages. The managers have engaged the Irish and Dutch comedians, Baker and Farron, to appear here on Easter Monday in their sensation drama, "Conrad and Lizzette." Report speaks of its great success throughout America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and even China. Report often does this sort of thing, especially in advertisements.

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Curious Effect of Grief at the Duke's Theatre.

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"Crutch and Toothpick" is being played with great success in the provinces.

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At Easter the Gaiety company migrate to the Olympic.

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"Pinafore" is now being performed in Russia.

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Two pecial performances of "The Streets of London" will be given at the Princess's Theatre on Easter Monday.

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It is likely that Mr. Terriss will not go to America after all.

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"Othello" at Sadler's Wells has followed "Macbeth."

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"School" is to be reproduced at the Haymarket.

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Mr. Wills' new version of "Black-Eyed Susan" is in preparation for morning performance at the St. James's Theatre.

LATEST BETTING.

TATTERSALL'S.—MONDAY.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

100 to 11 agst Rosy Cross (t and o)
20 to 1 — Scapegrace (t and o)
25 to 1 — Japonica (t and o)
40 to 1 — Caxtonian (t)

TWO THOUSAND AND DERBY.

500 to 2 agst Brotherhood winning Two Thousand and Merry-Go-Round the Derby (t)

NOTICE AT TATTERSALL'S.

Elsham Hurdle Race.—We are of opinion that Cannon Ball having been entered with a wrong age for this race he must be disqualified. The Committee of Tattersall's decided that bets go with the stakes, and Albania is in consequence entitled to the bets as well as the stakes.

LONDON BETTING.—3 P.M.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

9 to 1 agst Rosy Cross (o; 10 to 1 t and w)
100 to 8 — Master Kildare (t and o)
100 to 8 — Parole (t and o)
100 to 7 — Westbourne (t and o)
20 to 1 — Blue Blood (t)
25 to 1 — La Merveille (t)
25 to 1 — Japonica (t and o)
25 to 1 — Victor Chief (t)

TWO THOUSAND.

5 to 1 agst Brotherhood (o; 6 to 1 w)

DERBY.

28 to 1 agst Draycott (t)

WEEKLY PRIZES.

The next competition will be in connection with

KEMPTON PARK

(29th and 30th March).

To the gentleman who selects most winners at this Meeting £3 will be given, and the second best will receive £2. Ties to be divided. Selections must be made for all the closed races—naming one horse for each event—on the accompanying form, and sent to the

Editor,
"Sport,"
325, *Strand,*
London, W.C.,

not later than by the first post on Monday next, 29th current. The real names and addresses of the successful competitors to be sent in confidence to the Editor, but a *nom de plume* may be adopted for publication. The result of the competition will appear in Sport of the following week, and the money will be forwarded every Tuesday.

Conditions.

The Proprietors of Sport offer every week to those who select the greatest number of winners

£5

in prizes, divided into two portions:

£3, 1st Prize,
and
£2, 2nd Prize.

TO BE CUT OUT AND SENT TO THE EDITOR.

WINNERS AT KEMPTON PARK (29th and 30th March, 1880).

	Race.	Horse.
1.	.....	.....
2.	.....	.....
3.	.....	.....
4.	.....	.....
5.	.....	.....
6.	.....	.....
7.	.....	.....
8.	.....	.....
9.	.....	.....
10.	.....	.....

Name .....

Address .....

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